

A much Admired new Song, call'd

ON AGH's LOCK.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

2. Mary Neal's Tragedy.
3. The Bold Sailor.
4. The Weeping Damsel.



Printed in the Year 1789.

But all in vain she still denied,
poor Darby being enrag'd at this,
resolv'd when next they met, to seize,
the lock that scatter'd Onagh's P—s.

Beneath a lofty old oak,
she sat with cow and milking-pail,
her lilly hands at each stroke,
in flowing streams the milk doth steal;
Now peeping, then creeping,
fly Darby thus steals on apace,
Enraptur'd, he gazes on,
the blooming beauties of her face,
dazzled with her charms, he now resolves,
no longer to delay his bliss,
but instantly to seize upon,
the lock, &c.

Between his arms he seiz'd her,
and clasp'd her to his panting breast,
that more could have appeased her,
but oaths which Darby meant to jest,
he swore he'd adore her,
and until death he'd constant prove;
he'd wed her, he'd bed her,
and none on earth but her he'd love,
with vows like those he won her o'er,
so think it was not all amis,
let fly Darby seize upon,
the lock, &c.

Upon her back he laid her,
 turn'd up her smock so lilly white,
 His joys too mute he pray'd her,
 then gaz'd with wonder and delight,
 Her thighs were like snow fair,
 and just between appeared a crack,
 With lips red, and o'er spread,
 with mossy curls of jetty black,
 Transported Darby now beholds,
 just growing o'er the seat of blifs,
 The lock he long had wish'd to seize,
 the lock, &c.

His pego stood erected,
 his breeches down about his heels,
 And what he long expected,
 he now hith boundless rapture feels,
 Now enter'd concenter'd,
 the beauteous nymph lies in a trance,
 Their a——s go, like elbows,
 of fiddlers in a country dance,
 In broken sighs the fair one cries,
 I'd part with life for joys like this,
 With showers of sperm they jointly oil'd
 the lock, &c.



-Injured Innocence ; or,

MARY NEAL's Tragedy ;

A girl of only ten years old, that was debauched
by means of Maria Lewellen, who is now un-
der Sentence of Death for the same in the
New-Prison.

TO all who are blest with a bosom to feel,
A mournful tale I have now to reveal ;
My Father runs frantic, my Mother lies dead,
And the grave in my youth must soon be my bed.

Your pity to injur'd young innocence lend,
Thrown on the wide world without money or
friend ;
Prey to the lust of a tyrant I fall,
And infamy brands me at perjury's call.

Long put to the torture that guilt to confess,
To which in my soul I abhorrence profess ;
Wing'd a victim to grief and sad woe,
The child of misfortune in old Channel-row.

But what did I value any ills of my own,
 Had not my poor Father in a dungeon been thrown
 My Mother too murder'd still must I deplore,
 And a moment's enjoyment I'll never see more.

Beneath some unlucky sad star was I born,
 From peace and from comfort and character torn;
 By ruffians destroy'd—oh how hard is my fate!
 A prostitute nam'd tho' the guilt I do hate.

My noble protector Heav'n bless night and day,
 And joy be the bed of his Consort I pray;
 Successions of blessings their offspring attend,
 Still crown them by day, and by day still defend.

'Squire Rowan and his Lady, in pity to youth,
 To shield me from tyrants and help me in truth,
 Now shelter my virtue, tho' foes brand my name
 And the perjur'd Lewellen would hunt me to shame

Tho' now escap'd punishment, God is yet just,
 And will on the guilty revenge my wrong'd dust;
 To Heav'n in pity my sorrows I make,
 And Heav'n will never the wretched forsake.

(9)

The BOLD SAILOR.

WE are the Boys that fear no noise,
~~Where thundering Cannons roar;~~
We cross the Seas for yellow Boys,
And spend them on the Shore.

Our topmain-guard was our safe-guard,
And the safe-guard of our lives,
Whilst you're on Shore with a great many more
Lies kissing of our Wives.

When our good Ship was going to sink,
It drove us in a flurry,
There's one to the other, the other to the pump,
Confusing one another.

We got salt Beef to our relief,
Salt Beef and Biscuit Bread,
Whilst you're on Shore with a great many more
With dainty Dishes fed.

If ever I live to come on Shore,
The first pretty Girl I spy,
I'll rouse her into a Brandy-shop,
And there kiss her 'till she's dry.

(8)

If ever he 'ives to come on Shore,
And this young man I 'spy,
I'll rou! him up in Flannel fine,
And leave him there to Die.

The Weeping Damsel.

HOW happy were my days till now,
I ne'er did sorrow feel,
I rose with joy to milk my cow,
Or take my spinning wheel.

My heart was lighter than a fly,
Like any bird I sung,
'Till he pretended love, and I
Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.

Oh! the fool, the silly, silly fool,
Who trusts what man may be;
I wish I was a maid again,
And in my own country.

F I N I S.